

## REMARKABLE CASE OF "WOODROW WILSON," BABY WAIF, IN WHICH MOTHER LOVE WON

By W. H. Alburn.

Paris, Tenn., June 25.—"Woodrow Wilson" was a little Tennessee waif that found two mothers. One of them loved him so much that she was broken-hearted, till she got him all for herself, and the other has been broken-hearted ever since. Maybe the story won't interest you—unless



"Woodrow Wilson" Crouch-Arnold

you happen to be interested in babies.

One night last September people at the corner of Ruff and Brewer streets were awakened by an infant's wails. At last they realized it was crying for a mother who couldn't hear its cry. So they investigated and found a beautiful three-weeks-

old boy, tidily dressed, neatly tucked in a basket, on a doorstep. There was nothing to show whose baby it was.

When the kindly neighbor women had warmed a bottle of milk and fed it, they had a problem on their hands. There is no foundling asylum in Paris, Tenn. Next day they decided to turn the child over to Sheriff R. H. Compton.

"Hello, Snookums!" said the sheriff. "What's your name?"

The baby kept on smiling.

"Well," said the sheriff, who is a staunch Democrat, you look like a winner. I guess we'll call you Woodrow Wilson."

Two days later Mrs. John Crouch was clearing away the supper things in the Crouch home at Springville, between the sandhills and the Big Sandy River. John Crouch, a prosperous merchant and tobacco planter, was reading.

"It says in the paper," he remarked, "that Sheriff Compton over in Paris has a foundling on his hands and don't know what to do with it."

The eyes of husband and wife met. They were childless. And in the wife's eyes there was a yearning he had seen there often when she was thinking of the children who had never come.

"Couldn't we go to town tomorrow?" asked Mrs. Crouch.

"I reckon we could," said John.

Mrs. Crouch, at her first glimpse of little Woodrow Wilson, caught him to her breast with a cry of pent-up mother love.

"Give him to us!" said John eagerly.

They signed adoption papers on the spot, naming the baby Woodrow Wilson Crouch and took him back with them.

Meanwhile there was sadness in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Landrum Arnold at Wingo, Ky. When they